

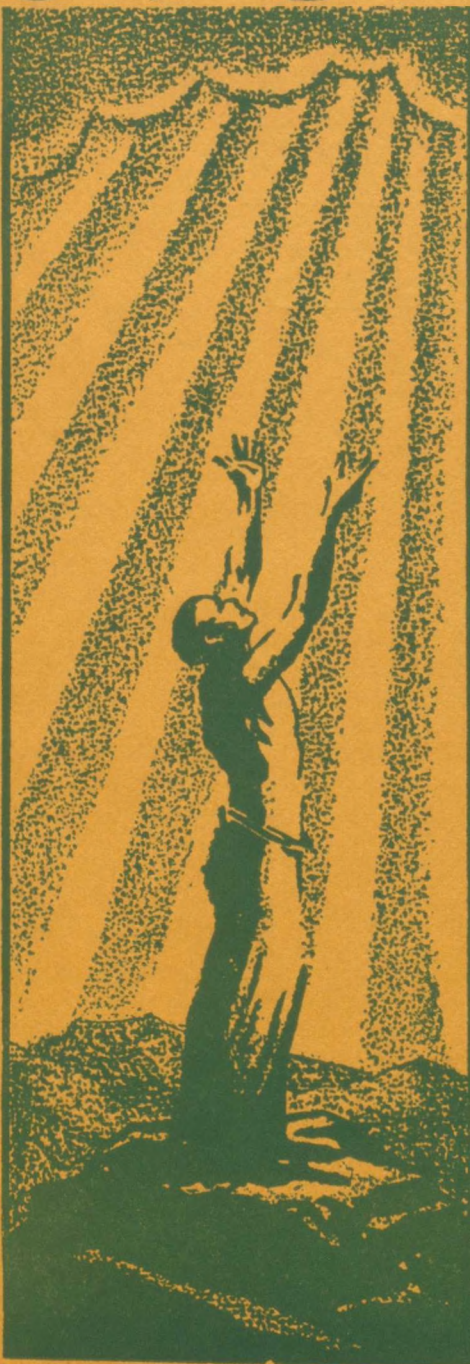
*"This magazine supports the true
and exposes the false."*

"PSYCHIANA"

Quarterly

25c

DEC 1932



Special Christmas Number

Significance of Christmas



God's Christmas Present



Two Letters



The Christmas Spirit



Democratic

and many other inspiring and
hard-hitting articles from the
pen of Dr. Robinson. This mag-
azine stands for the TRUTH
without any whitewash.

December, 1932

"Psychiana"

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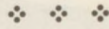
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A Christmas Gift



This special edition of "PSYCHIANA" QUARTERLY is my little Christmas gift to you. Every article has been specially written for this number, and many, many thousands of students all over the world will receive this little gift from me.

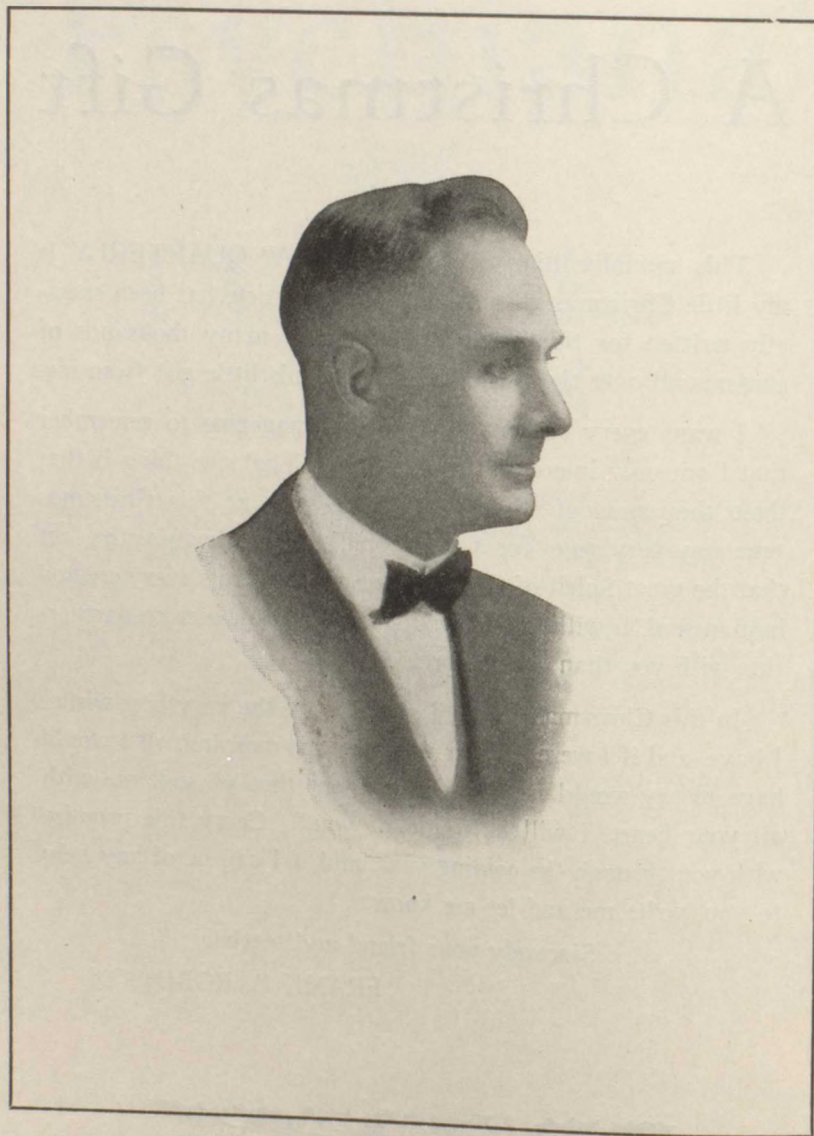
I want every student reading this magazine to remember that I am only interested in one thing. That one thing is that these thousands of students of mine may at this Christmas time stay very quiet for a few moments and recognize the fact that the great Spirit of God, which Spirit controls every created human soul, is willing and anxious to go into closer co-partnership with you than ever before.

In this Christmas season I send to you the very best wishes I have, and if I were in your presence this morning, all I would have to say would be, "In the moment that ye seek me with all your heart, I will be found of you." Carry this promise with you through the coming year, and if I can be of any help to you, write me and let me know.

Sincerely your friend and teacher,

FRANK B. ROBINSON.





Frank B. Robinson, Ph.D., M.Sc., D.D.

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of THE "PSYCHIANA" BROTHERHOOD.

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QUARTERLY

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(The New Psychological Religion)

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FRANK B. ROBINSON, D.D. Editor.

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TELEGRAMS

All telegrams for spiritual advice and help should be sent to us over Western Union lines where possible. Whenever we deem telegraphic reply necessary, we shall send it collect. No charge is made for this service whether student of "PSYCHIANA" or not.

CIRCULATION

The remarkable growth of "PSYCHIANA" and the demands of our students have brought this magazine into being. Just as soon as humanly possible this magazine will appear on the news-stands nationally. We welcome constructive suggestions and want to be of real service to all in showing what we believe to be the truths of God. (Not the church god but the Living God.)

VISITORS

Please do not come to Moscow to see Dr. Robinson unless you have an appointment made beforehand. This will save possible disappointment. The subscription price of this magazine is 25c a copy and \$1.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$1.50. All Dr. Robinson's works except magazine articles appearing in the national monthlies, may be obtained from us.

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Significance of Christmas

When we view this Christmas season from within the confines of our own wonderful America, we find that it signifies the birth of one Jesus of Nazareth. This Jesus, we are told, was born on the 25th day of December, over nineteen hundred years ago. No one knows the exact year, however, as the period of his birth is variously estimated from the year 20 B. C. to the year 10 A. D. The important thing about this entire Christmas season and the birth of this man rises in the fact that he was supposed to be the Creative Intelligence that, four thousand and four years ago, created this earth and every living thing on the earth, including man.

We are asked to accept this statement on the authority of a book, or, rather, an aggregation of books called "The Bible." This Bible, we are told, is the "divinely inspired" word of this Jesus, who was born on the 25th of December, about nineteen hundred years ago, and we celebrate the birth of this man, or this God, every year at this season. I want you to remember here that I am speaking of the Christmas season as it relates to Christianity. At this point, however, I want to call your attention specifically to the fact that it would be grossly wrong to consider that the story of Christ is accepted the whole world over, for this is not a fact. Bear in mind that those who subscribe to the story of Jesus Christ as God and who celebrate every Christmas Day are quite in the minority. When dealing with Spiritual Truth, one cannot deal with it from the viewpoint of any minority, but must deal with it from the viewpoint of the entire created race.

In other words, it would be manifestly wrong for us to consider that the only true God the world had ever known was the God advocated and taught by the Christian religion. For every person who believes that Jesus Christ was the God of this Universe, there are scores of people who believe that another God was the true God, and not Jesus Christ at all, and before we can intelligently think or write upon this subject, it is imperative that we view the subject, having in mind the whole created universe and not one little sect or organization. It would not be fair, nor would

it be just for any one religious organization to state that their God was the only true one, although they all do just this. The Christian will tell you that all the rest of the many "crucified saviors" this world has seen to date were false. Only theirs is true. But the followers of the rest of these "crucified saviors" in turn tell us that only their God is true. They tell us that the Christian Savior is certainly not the real Savior, because theirs is, so ours cannot be.

If the story told us by the Christians and related in their holy book called "The Bible" was an original story, then there might be some excuse for believing that the man called Jesus Christ might have been God in the form of man. If He were the only man miraculously born of a virgin, and without the aid of any human father, and if he were the only God-man to have been crucified and risen from the dead on the third day, then we might perhaps believe the story.

But let us see whether this story is original or not before we believe it, and before we get through we shall have to admit that certainly the story is far from being original with either the Bible or with Christianity.

And, by the way, I know of no standard by which we are justified in judging whether or not one of these many stories is true and the rest of them false, especially when the stories are just about alike, and when the story the Christians tell us is the most recent of them all. For if the story of the resurrection and the crucifixion and the miraculous birth of God who was the Son of God is far older than Christianity, and if thousands and millions of people all over the world—in India, Babylonia, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome—lived and died in the conviction that "crucified savior" gods had risen from the dead in their behalf, and if these resurrection stories were well known to the people among whom Christianity arose, how can we but see that the act of Christ's resurrection is an ancient myth told again.

There is no questioning but what the corner stone of Christianity is the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and if he did not rise from

the dead, you have nothing left of Christianity. I might state here that this doctrine of rising from the dead is far older than Christianity is. Thousands of years before Christ was born, all of the ancient countries knew the story of the resurrection. The story had been handed down to them many and many a time, and god alter god appeared on the horizon, all these gods having been born miraculously of a virgin, all of them having come to save the world, all of them having been crucified, and all of them having risen from the dead. While they were upon the earth, all of these gods worked miracles and after they had died they all ascended into Heaven, and, by the way, none of these gods have ever been heard from since. Please bear in mind that I am only writing with an intense desire to know the absolute truth of this god situation, if it can be discovered. I am not interested in any story offered me, upon which story I am supposed to risk my soul's eternal salvation, if this story is but a copy of a dozen other stories which antedated it by thousands of years. And if we establish the fact that the entire Christian story of Jesus Christ was known to millions of people thousands of years before he was born, the only difference being the name of the god, then we certainly are justified in questioning the whole story. Any reasoning mind will do this, and every earnest seeker after Spiritual Truth will do this, too. Religious superstition and tradition and dogma has nothing to do with Spiritual Truth as it exists, and as the world has known a score of "crucified god-men" and as it has had a score of "crucified Saviors" all before the time of Jesus Christ, and all telling the same story, then the honest, reasoning mind is certainly justified in wondering whether it would be safe to accept the story of the godship of Jesus Christ and deny the godship of the rest of the world's "crucified Saviors," many of whom had many times the number of followers that Christianity has.

Twelve hundred years before Christ was born, and, by the way, there is no certainty at all that he ever was born, Chrisna, the "crucified savior" of the Hindus, rose from the dead and ascended into Heaven. Celestial spirits attended this remarkable ascension, and amid the wondrous illumination of earth and Heaven, Chrisna, the Savior of

men, rose from the earth to paradise, while followers exclaimed with ecstasy, "Low, Chrisna's soul ascends to its native skies." We see here that one of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity is far older than Christ. As a matter of fact, all of the doctrines of Christianity are far older than Christ. All that can be said in favor of the resurrection of Christ can also be said in favor of the resurrection of, perhaps, a score of other saviors. Let me state again, in order that there may be no misinterpretation on this Christmas message of mine, that I am only trying to find out the truth, and to present the truth, when I have found it, to my tens of thousands of students and followers all over the world. I am not interested in all the religious organizations in this country as far as this analysis of the story of Christ goes. I have listened to their stories, and I recognize the good faith in which the stories are told. But I reserve the right to check up on these stories, and I also reserve the right to question or to deny the Christian story of its God, if I find that the evidence is against its truth. No religious superstition will ever sway me. No church creed or dogma will ever be accepted by me unless evidence of its truth is presented. I shall not accept the Christian story on faith for the simple reason that the story in its entirety is not original with Christ, but is only a copy of other stories antedating Christ by many hundreds and thousands of years.

Now again. Over five hundred years before the time of Christ, Buddha, the founder of Buddhism, a religion that embraces now over one-third of the entire human race, lay dead in a tomb. Then came the Heavenly command, "Rise, Holy Love," and the white shroud of Buddha unrolled itself, by the same Heavenly power the lid of the coffin was miraculously moved, and Buddha, the Savior of mankind, and "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world" released himself from the grip of an untimely death, rose to the glory of Heaven where He now is seated at the right hand of His Father, God.

Three hundred years before the time of Christ, men and women by the million trusted in Osiris as their risen savior, and expressed the hope that, like Osiris, they too would some day rise from the grave and meet their Lord Osiris, in the air.

Aesculapius, the "Son of God," the "Divine Healer," the "World's Savior," and the "Great Physician," after being crucified, rose in triumph from the grave.

As a matter of fact, resurrection of gods was a fundamental idea in the religions of the nations by which the Jews were surrounded. Naturally, the Jews were familiar with these religions and some of them borrowed, perhaps, their entire stories. The worship of Adonis, the virgin-born savior of the Syrians, was well known to the Jews long before the time of Christ. As a matter of fact, the Jews themselves worshipped this same God Adonis. By the way, this word Adonis means "our Lord," and this same God had an altar in the very temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem. His resurrection was celebrated in Bethlehem even as late as the year 387 A. D. and in the same grotto where the child Jesus cried, the man-god Adonis was being mourned. It certainly is significant to note that in the very cave where Jesus was supposed to have been born, so also was supposed to have been born Adonis, one of the other world's many "crucified saviors." By the way, this comes direct from St. Jerome, the learned ecclesiastic who translated the Latin vulgate of the Bible that has given Christianity its "Word of God."

Another remarkably significant fact is that the celebration of the resurrection of the "crucified savior" Adonis became the celebration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. As Mr. Gauvin says, "is there any wonder that orthodox churches are silent about the science of comparative religion, when that science proves that our reputed divine religion is but a pagan superstition under another name. How could the clergy, preach about the uniqueness of Christ if their congregations were familiar with Kersey Graves' learned work, "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors."

I could at this point prove to my readers and students conclusively that by no possible means could Jesus Christ ever have risen from the dead, if we accept the Bible story as the truth. But I will not do that here, for what I am trying to do is point you to a larger picture and a larger truth that is contained in the Christian story and of its man-God, which, as I have shown you, is but a copy of many other stories, all having the same fundamental facts about

all their individual "crucified saviors" and god-men. I might take the four Gospels, which, by the way, were written by completely anonymous writers, and I might compare the stories of the resurrection of Christ and by such comparison I could prove to you beyond a shadow of a doubt that you certainly could not depend upon the four Gospels for proof of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But I won't do that. Instead I will just give you the names of a few more "crucified saviors" miraculously born sons of God, who came to this earth to save it long before the time of Christ. I am taking these references from that marvelous work of Kersey Graves alluded to above. This book can be purchased from The Truth-Seeker Publishing Company, 49 Vesey Street, New York City, and I recommend it to you.

In 1160 B. C. Thammuz of Syria was crucified. Let me give you a hymn which was sung at that time:

"Trust ye saints, your Lord restored,
Trust, ye in your risen Lord;
For the pains which Thammuz endured
Our salvation have procured."

This God Thammuz was crucified as a sin-atoning offering 1160 years before Christ was ever heard of. History relates that out of his loins salvation had come to the world, and history also relates that this God rose from the dead for the salvation of the world. In the year 552 B. C. we have conclusive historical proof that Wittoba was hung upon a cross with nails driven through his hands and feet, and thereafter he arose to Heaven, crucified for the sins of man. In 622 B. C. Iao was crucified on a tree in Nepaul. The name of this incarnate God and Savior occurs frequently in the Holy Bibles and sacred books of other countries. By the way, this is the root of the name of the Jewish god, Jehovah.

In 834 B. C. Hesus (note the similarity to the name Jesus) was crucified with a lamb on one side of him and an elephant on the other side. This instance was called "The Lamb of God taking away the sins of the world," the very same symbolical language used with reference to the offering of Jesus Christ.

Mexico also had its "crucified savior," for in 587 B. C. historical authorities tell us that Quexalcote, for the propitiation of the sins of mankind, was crucified upon a cross. I might state that this evidence is tangible

and indelibly engraved upon steel and metal plates. But we have some more. Quirinus of Rome was crucified for the sins of the world in 506 B. C. He was conceived and born by a virgin. His life was sought by the reigning king. He was of royal blood, his mother being of kingly descent. He was "put to death by wicked hands," that is, crucified, and at his physical death the whole earth was enveloped in darkness, as in the case of Christ, Chrisna, Prometheus, and several others. Finally he is resurrected and flies back to heaven, where he sits at the right hand of his father, I suppose.

Here let me give you a hymn which was sung at the time regarding another "crucified savior" by the name of Prometheus. This one was crucified in 547 B. C.

"Lo! streaming from the fatal tree
His all atoning blood,
Is this the Infinite?—Yes, 'tis he,
Prometheus, and a God!

"Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And veil his glories in,
When God, the great Prometheus, died
For man the creature's sin."

Now just one more before I pass over this phase of our discussion. In 1700 B. C. the man-god Thulis of Egypt died on the cross. Sculptures made 1700 years before Christ illustrate the life and death of this "crucified savior." But after dying, he was buried, rose again, and ascended into Heaven, and there became "the judge of the quick and the dead." I have a dozen more I could give you, but I have made my point. I have shown you that the entire story of the birth, conception and resurrection of Jesus Christ is but a copy of other stories of far older date. Just as much proof of the divinity of Buddha and Chrisna and Prometheus can be advanced as there can of Jesus Christ. When you remember that not a single historian in about three hundred has made a single reference to the remarkable happenings supposed to have attended the birth, resurrection, and crucifixion of Jesus it makes one wonder. There is only one reference in any of these historical writings, and among the ablest defenders of the Christian faith, many of them admit that this passage in one of Josephus' later works is manifestly a forgery.

The fact that Christ finds no place in the history of the era in which he lived,—that not one event of his life is recorded by anybody but his own intertested biographers,—

settles the question as far as I am concerned that certainly the element of doubt in quite pertinent concerning these unusual and miraculous happenings. The fact that all history ignores him proves that he was not miraculously endowed, but proves that he was not even naturally endowed to such an extraordinary degree as to make him an object of general attention. It would be a historical anomaly without a precedent, that Christ should have proven the extraordinary accounts attributed to him in the Gospels, and no Roman or Grecian historian, neither Philo or Josephus, both writing in that age, and both living almost on the spot where it is said these miraculous happenings were supposed to have happened, and both recording minutely all the religious events of that age and country, make the slightest mention of one of them, nor their reputed author. Such a historical fact banishes the last shadow of faith in their reality.

Let us remember here, please, that the authorship of the four Gospels is positively unknown. Not a Bible scholar in existence has any right to say that either Matthew, Mark, Luke or John wrote these four Gospels. There has never been known to exist one original manuscript of any of these writings. If I ask church leaders where these original writings are, they tell me that they were lost. Perhaps so. I have no way of disputing it. Then again let us remember that the present Bible was not given to us until about four hundred year ago, and still is but one of four old church Bibles, all of them quite different, and none of them being quite complete. For the third time in this article I am going to repeat my statement that I am only writing in this strain in an effort to show the truth as it exists. The vast majority of my students, however, know this fact as well as I do, and have long since passed the stage where they accept anything as being a Spiritual Truth just because some priest or preacher tells them it is the truth. Four hundred years is not very long ago, and I think I can safely state that these old ancient myths and traditions are rapidly going into the discard.

Now let us see where this leaves us at this Christmas season. So far as I am concerned, it leaves me with no faith of any kind in any crucified man-god at all. I

happen to know enough about Spiritual Law that I think I can say to you that Spiritual Law does not operate in that manner. The great God of this Universe at no time put into operation a plan of salvation dependent for its efficacy on blood of any kind. You will recall that one of the "crucified saviors" I have just alluded to as crucified between a lamb and an elephant. There is your blood offering, and there is where the story of the blood atonement of Jesus Christ originated. It is nothing more or less than a copy of a pagan story and is offered to us today as a divine story, just like it was offered to millions of people following other "crucified saviors."

But does this leave us without any hope of any consolation at this Christmas time? Not at all. It just simply brings us closer to the Eternal Truths of an Eternal God, and the Eternal God of this Universe needs no "mediator" between Himself and his creation. The Spirit of God is the spirit of life. It is the spirit of joy. It is the spirit of peace. It is the spirit of plenty. It is the spirit of perfect health and perfect comfort. This great Spirit exists now, and it exists for you and for me. Furthermore, it may be instantly contacted by you and by me. So close is this great Spirit of God to us that in it we live and move and have our being. There can be no need of priests or preachers offering to us a man-made philosophy of life, nor can there be any need of these same gentlemen coming to us with a story upon which they ask us to base our hope of the future, when it has been so definitely proven that their entire story originated in a pagan age and is a copy of stories told of pagan gods many years before Christ was ever heard of.

My contention is that all of these differing religious structures, while, no doubt, believing their stories to be true, are only advancing the story in an effort to keep alive and make successful their own organizations. There is no reason in a story of that kind, nor to me is there very much spiritual enlightenment in it. There is a certain amount of sentimentality at this Christmas period, no doubt, but a man's communion with God is not dependent upon sentimentality, but is dependent upon living, vital Truth.

So while we make merry this Christmas and while the churches are burning their

candles and holding their midnight ceremonies, and while they are celebrating the birth of but one in the galaxy of the world's many "crucified saviors," then let those of us who know Spiritual Truth look upon these liturgical exercises and, looking upon them, we can recognize at this Christmas time the fact that we are in tune with the Infinite, for over and above all man-made theories and religious philosophies there exists, and must exist, the great Realm of the Infinite God. A Realm of Spirit. A Realm of invisible Life. A Realm of invisible peace, and peace the world knows nothing about, and which peace the world cannot get through any blood atonement.

We are told that the message of the angels on that starry night so many years ago was "Peace on earth, Good Will to men," but that has not been fulfilled, and today the whole world stands tottering on the brink of a volcano, which might at any moment plunge it into a cataclysm of horror. God grant that it does not, and God help us if it does. But if at this Christmas season all man-made gods could be obliterated, and nations, as well as individuals, could know the existence of the great Life Spirit there would be no more war. The history of the church is red with the blood of countless thousands and millions who have lost their lives through religious superstition. So this Christmas time let us make a vow that we will discard all such superstition and, finding the peace and power of the Spirit of God, we will live a life pleasing to this great God, and therefore pleasing to man.

A Christmas Resolve

Oh Love, that wilt not let me go,

I yield my flickering torch to Thee,

I give Thee back the Life I owe,

That in Thine oceans' depths

Its flow may richer, fuller be.

Oh joy, that seekest me thro' pain,

I shall not ask to fly from Thee,

I trace the rainbow through the rain,

And *know* that promise is not vain,

That morn shall tearless be.

Awakening~
~

If fetters seem to bind me fast,
'Tis I alone who make them.
Out of the vastness that is God—
I summon *Power* to break them.

If dim my eyes and spectre-filled,
As fear's dark shadows sear them,
Out of the tenderness that's God—
I summon *Love* to clear them.

If scourged by turmoil, misnamed Life,
All aching hearts reveal it;
Out of the stillness that is God—
I summon *Peace* to heal it.

And ecstasy is born of peace.
Truth's vision I recapture;
I summon *Glory* that is God—
To greet my soul's high rapture.

Ida Mansfield-Wilson.

This lady is one of our students.

God's Christmas Present

It was Christmas Eve. Outside in the silent, starry night, the snowflakes were falling fast, silently, and as the hours sped slowly by the heavy white blanket Mother Nature was depositing upon the earth increased in thickness. Perhaps she knew the additional covering would be necessary to protect her this chilly night. All was silence among the backwoods, except, perhaps, for the snapping of a twig or the hooting of an owl, or the snarl of a coyote.

Inside the little cabin, miles from anywhere, nestling as it did to mother earth, amid this wondrous Christmas beauty, all was warmth and happiness. The blazing log fire sent up whiffs of smoke, and gathered round this Christmas hearth were the entire family of Jacques Chauvet, pioneer backwoodsman of the northern Ontario forests. A little Christmas tree stood on the table in the corner of the large living room, and from it hung little stockings, and toys of almost every conceivable kind. Tinsel decorated the walls of the cabin, and dangling from the suspended lamp in the middle of the room was a sheaf of holly. Every picture in the room was draped with pine needles, and altogether the atmosphere was typically Christmas.

Jacques had worked all this day, for he was under contract to produce so many ties for a railroad company, the only railroad which penetrated into the heart of that vast Canadian forest. But the day's work was over, and the dinner dishes had been washed and put away, for this house, humble though it was, was kept spotlessly clean. Jacques was a powerful type of man. He stood six feet, two inches tall, and weighed nearly two hundred pounds. Born of French-Canadian parentage, he had learned to love those woods, for he had grown up in them, and his superb physical strength gave evidence of what a clean life lived with nature and nature's God can do.

Mrs. Chauvet was a typical little French-Canadian lady, and to her, of course, the sun rose and set on Jacques. She was a frail little thing, and much in contrast to her powerful, brawny husband, yet she had brought into the world two lovely little children, who, on this Christmas Eve, were sitting on pine boughs before the log fire. The

older of these two children, Charles, was a romping, rollicking type of a boy, and in his cheeks showed the health that only the pine forests of Northern Ontario can give. It would be difficult to choose a favorite child in that home, although the second one was a little two-year-old baby girl. She was a bright little tot, though, and seemed to comprehend something of the meaning of Christmas. At least she knew something unusual was happening around her. Santa Claus was going to be good to that little tot, though, and already he had sent in advance a little musical rattle with which she played there on the hearth.

Jacques reached for his black briar pipe, and filling it with Hudson Bay Company's strong, though sweet tobacco, lighted his huge pipe and settled himself at ease in the armchair of his own building. All the furniture in that home had been hewn from pine trees by Jacques himself, assisted, of course, by little Charles. A copy of a magazine containing a Christmas story was close at hand and, thinking to enjoy the reading of this story, Jacques relaxed and prepared to enjoy this Christmas Eve at peace with the world, for this good French-Canadian backwoodsman owed no man anything. He owned two acres where the little cabin stood in the forest, and he made a fairly tidy living by contracting with the railroad company for a certain number of ties each year. The little neighboring town of Hogan, twenty miles away, supplied his grocery and clothing needs, which were very meager, for game and fish abounded in this Northern Ontario country. A beautiful trout stream ran through the woods, and on Saturday afternoon Jacques would take little Charlie and they would fish until such time as they had caught sufficient to tide them over the week-end. Grouse, partridges, and deer were all plentiful in this forest, and these contributed to no little extent in reducing the grocery and meat bills in the little trading post at Hogan.

Jacques was enabled through his frugal nature to build up a comfortable little bank account, which he kept for a rainy day. Perhaps he kept it for the event of another youngster, but he had the sum of \$1700 safely stored in the bank at Belleville, two

hundred and fifty miles away. His checks were deposited by mail, and he issued checks for his needs at Hogan.

Suddenly through the stillness of the night outside, broken only by the crackling of the pine logs on the hearth, the wail of a coyote was heard outside the door. "Them varmints seem to be getting braver and braver," said Mrs. Chauvet, noticing Jacques pick up his ears at the sound.

"Perhaps they know it is Christmas Eve," said little Charlie.

"Yes, maybe they do, son," said Jacques.

"But what is Christmas Eve for, Daddy?" asked the little fellow, while the two-year-old on the floor, with her tiny little hands flapping in the air, said, "Krimass—Krimass."

Jacques was not a very religious man as far as orthodox ideas of religion go, but he was the type of man that lived a natural life, and enjoyed this life to the full. He came of Catholic parentage, but he made his own way in the world that he gave very little attention to creeds or teachings of any religious denomination. Instinctively he knew that the little kiddies playing before him this Christmas Eve also had a creator which must be behind the physical creation. As he saw the grouse and the quail and the partridges building their nests and homes in the woods, and as he saw them supplying their young with food, he was intelligent enough to know that somewhere beyond it all was a great Creative Intelligence of some sort.

Being alone with nature, and nature's God, Jacques probably was in a better position to understand the secrets of nature and nature's God than most men were. He had nothing to detract his attention from these marvelous manifestations of the God of nature. He earned an honest living by doing an honest day's work, and as far as the future went, he provided reasonably against it, and paid not very much thought to any other life than the one he was living now. Some few months back an itinerant traveling preacher had attempted to conduct a revival campaign in the little town of Hogan, and, yielding to the persuasions of his wife, he had hitched up the team to the bobsleigh and driven in to Hogan to hear this preacher man. At the end of the service the usual call for "converts" was sent out, but no one responded. After the

service the preacher had attempted to interest Jacques in the subject of what he called "your soul's salvation." Jacques' reply was quite typical of the man, and he very effectively silenced the traveling preacher. "I don't know what it is all about, and neither do you, but I am perfectly satisfied in resting my soul's salvation in the hands of the Great Creator who gave me the soul in the first place," was Jacques' reply. This in general was this gaunt backwoodsman's attitude toward religion. As religious periodicals had drifted to him through the mails, he carefully read them all, but invariably cast them to one side, choosing to live alone with nature and nature's God, as he was doing.

Thoughts of religion on this Christmas Eve somehow or other seemed to come back to Jacques, perhaps through little Charlie's remark as to what Christmas meant. Mrs. Chauvet at this point took up the conversation and told the kiddies the well-known story of the shepherds abiding with their flocks by night in the fields near Bethlehem. She told of the hosts of angels which descended, bringing to these shepherds the message of "Peace on earth—good will to men. There is born to you this day a Savior." The little kiddies listened with rapt attention to the story as unfolded by the mother, when much to his disgust, perhaps, Jacques interpolated with the question, "But you don't really believe that story, do you?"

"Well, I don't know whether I believe it or not. I have always heard that it was true, though," replied Mrs. Chauvet.

"Well, let us ask little Charles what he thinks about it, for you can usually get the truth from the mind of a child," said Jacques, and turning to the little nine-year-old boy, he said, "What do you think of that story, son?"

"Well, but where did these angels come from?" said Charles.

"Well, where is heaven?" asked the insistent little Charles. The mother interpolated once more by stating that Heaven was on the other side of the stars, and above the sky.

"But what is the sky?" asked Charles.

At this point Mrs. Chauvet sensed that she was getting into rather deep water, and made an attempt to evade answering this question. Jacques, however, who was al-

ways open to know the truth, encouraged the little fellow to continue his questions, with the result that before the conversation was over, the conclusion had been reached that there could be no being of any sort living in any realm beyond the stars. "It sure seems hard to understand," said Mrs. Chauvet, at which little Charles asked the question a child naturally would ask, and he wanted to know who made God and who put Him in the skies.

At this point the conversation was interrupted by a heavy knocking on the door. This was unusual, for visitors in those northern parts were few and very far between. "Wonder who that is," said Jacques.

"May be some one lost in the woods," suggested Mrs. Chauvet.

"Well, we will go and see," said Jacques, as he had laid down his pipe and, unlatching the door, swung it open. A curious figure attired in the garb of a woodsman met his view, and this curious figure was invited inside. On throwing off his mackinaw and removing his wool cap, the features of a young man were displayed. He was about the same build as Jacques, and his face showed evidence of good home surroundings, and probably educational advantages.

"Where do you come from at this time of night?" queried Jacques.

The man replied that he was a member of a hunting party and had somehow or other become separated from his companions. As those who get lost in the woods do, the visitor had walked around in cricles until finally he had spied the light from the cabin of Jacques in the clearing. A cup of hot coffee and Mrs. Chauvet's well-known flapjacks were soon provided, and as the visitor thawed out he proved to be a conversational sort of chap. Little Charles took to him instinctively, and began to pursue his questions regarding Christmas and the angels, up in the skies, etc. To the amazement of Mrs. Chauvet, the visitor said, taking little Charles on his knee, "But surely you do not believe there is any God in the sky, do you, son?"

"No, I don't believe that," said Charles, "because who made him and who put him up there?"

Mrs. Chauvet was a little indignant and a little resentful, perhaps, at the strange ideas brought into that home by the visitor. Jacques, however, was interested, and per-

suaded the visitor to give his ideas of God. The visitor seemed quite at home handling this subject, and Jacques, his pipe once more aglow, listened with rapt attention as every word fell from the stranger's mouth.

"You know, folks, I was born and raised in a large city. My father was a minister and I was sent to college to be trained also for the ministry. There in college I was told the same story that you have been discussing tonight, and for several years I tried to persuade others to be converted. But as I grew older and traveled around considerably, I began to question the truth of the story the theological seminary had taught me, so I stopped preaching it."

At this point little Charles could not resist the temptation to say, "and what did you do then?"

Whereupon the stranger smiled and said, "Listen, little man, and I will tell you a story. Some years ago I had a similar experience to the one that has happened to me tonight. This time I was hunting in the woods alone, and, like I did today, I lost my way. The night was bitter cold, and there was nothing to break the erie stillness, save the hooting of the owls and the occasional scream of a coyote or a wolf. It was a far more desolate country than this, and I was reaching the stage of exhaustion, although physically I am very strong. I wandered round and round, and seemed to sense an enemy close behind. It was a strange sensation, but some unseen Power seemed to warn me of danger. Turning in my tracks as quickly as a flash, I saw three loping forms with their red tongues lolling out of their mouths, and fast approaching me. Wolves. I had shot my last round of ammunition on the hunt, and there I was with what looked like instant death hard by, and without ammunition, of course I was positively helpless against the attack of those three hungry timber wolves. I thought rapidly, and my boyhood training came back to me, and, while not at all afraid, I seemed to sense that unless something intervened, it would only be a few moments before this hungry pack of wolves would leap upon me and tear me to pieces."

Intense silence reigned in the little cottage at this point. Mrs. Chauvet, thinking she knew what was coming next, said, "Did you pray?"

"That is what I was going to tell you about," the stranger replied. "Of course I thought about praying, but having no confidence in the story of God as taught me by my parents and in theological seminary, I did not fall to my knees and ask this great being in the sky to help me, and yet I was helped and got safely out of any danger with no difficulty whatsoever, for I seemed to know that the story I had been told and asked to preach was not as true as it might be. I seemed to know that far beyond any story of that description there must exist another and far greater Power than could ever be embodied in any miraculously-born man of any kind. I also knew that many, many years before these angels appeared on the plains of Bethlehem that there had been many other experiences like that. I discovered that these angels and the three wise men had also appeared many hundreds of years before, announcing the birth of their gods, and this, of course, made me lose faith in the religion I was taught in college."

Mrs. Chauvet did not know what was coming next, although this information the stranger had just vouchsafed to her was entirely new. The thought the only time the wise men and the angels appeared was on that starry night two thousand years ago on the plains of Bethlehem, and to hear that the same story had been told many times before concerning the event of other saviours was information certainly to hear. So she listened with rapt attention as the visitor continued.

"So, you see, I could not pray to someone in whom I had no confidence, and I had always been conscious of the fact that there must be an overwhelming, surrounding presence, which presence could and would protect me from all harm. So instead of getting down in the snow and praying to God to save me from those wolves, I stood erect, I turned in my tracks, and with just perhaps a faint word directed to the great Creative Intelligence behind this Universe, I said, 'Those wolves will never get me.' I folded my arms and waited, and what do you thing happened?"

"Did the wolves come and get you and eat you up?" asked little Charlie.

"No," the visitor replied, "they didn't eat me up, or I couldn't be here now. But listen and I will tell you what did happen,

although I really do not know what did happen. Those three wolves stood there gaping at me with open mouths for a few moments, and then slunk away, and I have never seen them since."

This story created marked silence upon the listeners, and finally Jacques opened the conversation once more. "Well, stranger, what you did was to have confidence in the Creative Power that made you and that made those woods, and that made those wolves, didn't you?"

"Perfectly correct," replied the stranger, "although I do not know to this day, and do not want to know what that Power is. I am afraid that if I did know, I would be able to understand it and comprehend it, and then, don't you see, if I did that, there would be no need of this great Power at all? If I could understand it and its workings, I would not need it, and I would know as much as it knows, and therefore it would be of no use to me."

Mrs. Chauvet saw the logic of the statement made by the visitor and said to him, "Well, do you mind telling me if you thought this Power was God?" To which the stranger replied, "Of course it is God. I have learned to know that these stories told to us of unnatural births and angelic visions are not only man-made stories, perfectly honestly made, though, but still only man-made traditional stories. This is Christmas Eve, and I see that this little home is celebrating the eve of the anniversary of the hero of one of these stories, and I hope you have a good time, but, you see, you can understand that story, for you can understand a baby being born in a manger, and you can understand angels coming down and announcing his birth, and therefore because you can understand that story it is useless to you and to me. My idea of God is a great invisible Power in whom we live and move and have our being. This great Power is the Spirit of Life. Yes, it is more than that,—it is life itself. That little baby there on the hearth cannot swing that rattle unless the Power of this great invisible Spirit permits it to do so. The snowflakes fall outside because of this Great Power, also, and let me tell you something else. The reason I did not pray when the wolves were after me was because this great unseen Power is a law, and, being a law, I

knew that if I complied with the law, nothing could harm me."

Jacques at this point had agreed with every word the visitor had said, and he was overwhelmed with the desire to know how to comply with this great God-Law. The stranger continued and soon came to that. He pointed out that the law covering the great unseen Realm of God was a law of simple trust. He explained to this backwoods family that if he had shown the slightest fear as to the outcome of his encounter of the wolves, he would not have been there then, telling them the story. He was very emphatic in trying to make them understand that at no time must they endeavor to comprehend in human terms just what this great Power was or how it operated. He pointed out that the Spiritual Realm, or the Realm of the invisible God, was so far above this realm that a human mind could not grasp it. What a human mind could do would be to prove this Spiritual Law that he could speak with absolute certainty as to its operations when the Law was complied with. He pointed out that it would be utterly foolish for any finite being to attempt to comprehend the existence of the great Infinite Being, and before his visit was over this family had entered into an entirely new and much more real conception of God. Christmas Eve that night took on a new meaning to them. As it had been, this "saviour" of theirs had been cruelly murdered two thousand years ago and had gone to "Heaven" and had never been heard from since. Therefore, any help from that "Saviour" was quite problematical. Now they saw that the God of the stranger was an ever-present, although unseen spirit, which spirit possessed absolute control over every movement of every created being. They also grasped that fact that an absolute, though simple belief in the presence of this great Spiritual God-Law fulfilled the very things in their lives they had been looking for. Instead of attempting to influence Deity by their own prayers, they saw that all that was necessary in order to receive perfect spiritual communion was to first of all recognize the existence of the great Life Spirit itself, and then never question its personal existence at all.

The stranger stayed with the wonderful little backwoods family over night and ate a hearty breakfast in the morning. So im-

pressed was the little family with his visit that Barney and Madge, the gray team, were hitched to the bobsleigh and the stranger, whose name they never learned, was driven to Hogan, where he took the Northern Ontario train back to civilization again.

Many years later the same stranger visited the little town of Hogan, and inquired after Jacques Chauvet. "Jacques Chauvet," said old Dennis Hogan, "why Jacques is president of the railroad that brought you in here."

"Well, well," replied the stranger, "and where is his office?"

"Why, he has swell offices in Toronto, right on Younge Street," replied Mr. Hogan. "Do you know him?"

The stranger replied that he did and took the next train out of Hogan. A few days later he presented a card to Mr. Chauvet's secretary, requesting an interview. On the card was written:

"The man who was saved from the wolves."

The card gained him instant admission, and Jacques almost burst into tears at seeing his visitor once more. Several hours were spent in the conversation which follow, and I cannot recount them here. Jacques Chauvet informed our stranger friend what had happened since he had begun to recognize the existence of the great Power of God here and now, materially. Shortly after he had begun to ponder over this new conception of God, a contract for ties came in so large that Jacques had to hire many men and many teams to fill the order. The railroad company informed him his ties were so much better than any other contract ties. Rich financial rewards had come to Jacques through his contract business, and he was enabled to purchase a few shares in the railroad which hauled these ties from Hogan into the large cities. Then the officials of the railroad noticed something a little different about Jacques Chauvet. He seemed to pay no attention to surroundings, and yet he seemed to have a miraculous insight into every angle of business. So when a vacancy occurred on the Board of Directors, Jacques Chauvet, to his intense surprise, was offered the position at a good large salary, and accepted. Less than one year ago he was elected to the presidency of this railroad, and standing before him now was the man whose simple little story a few years

ago had made that success and that happiness possible.

A beautiful home stood out in the Rosewood addition of Toronto, and Jacques insisted that the visitor spend the night with him once more, for it was Christmas Eve. This the stranger did, and tears fell down Mrs. Chauvet's face as she recognized her visitor of a few years back. Little Charles was twenty-one now, and the baby was in high school. Many past experiences in Jacques' rise to fame were recounted that night, and naturally the conversation drifted once more to the subject of God.

"I have a confession to make to you, Mr. Stranger," said Mrs. Chauvet. "When you told us in our little shanty that the story of the angels and the wise men was a man-made story and not true, I became very indignant and I thought that you knew nothing about God at all. But after thinking over what you said, a strange something began to dawn on me, and I found myself discarding the story I had been taught to believe since childhood."

The stranger's face was intense and was lit up by a beautiful smile, for he knew what Mrs. Chauvet was going to say next. He anticipated the question a little by asking her, "Did you find that by disbelieving the miraculous story you lost all faith in God?"

"No," replied Mrs. Chauvet. "By discarding any and all stories which separated God from me, I found out who and what God really is. Jacques and I decided the day after you left that we would recognize in our life the existence of this great Spiritual Law which seemed to do nothing, and yet does everything, and from that day on everything changed. I used to be afraid to do something that was wrong, but now

I am never afraid because I know that I if want to do a thing it is right."

"How about the children," asked the visitor, "did my story to them destroy their confidence in God?"

"No," replied Mrs. Chauvet, "quite to the contrary. Little Charles used to believe that God was in the sky and that he could not know anything about Him until after he died, when he would be changed into an angel or something like that. Now, however, Charles does not make any move without recognizing the Spirit of the great invisible God-Law in that move. But we all do, as a matter of fact, for our confidence in this great God Realm far removed from our own superstitious realm has been abundantly justified."

The stranger left the next day for his home, and there we will leave him.

EDITORIAL NOTE

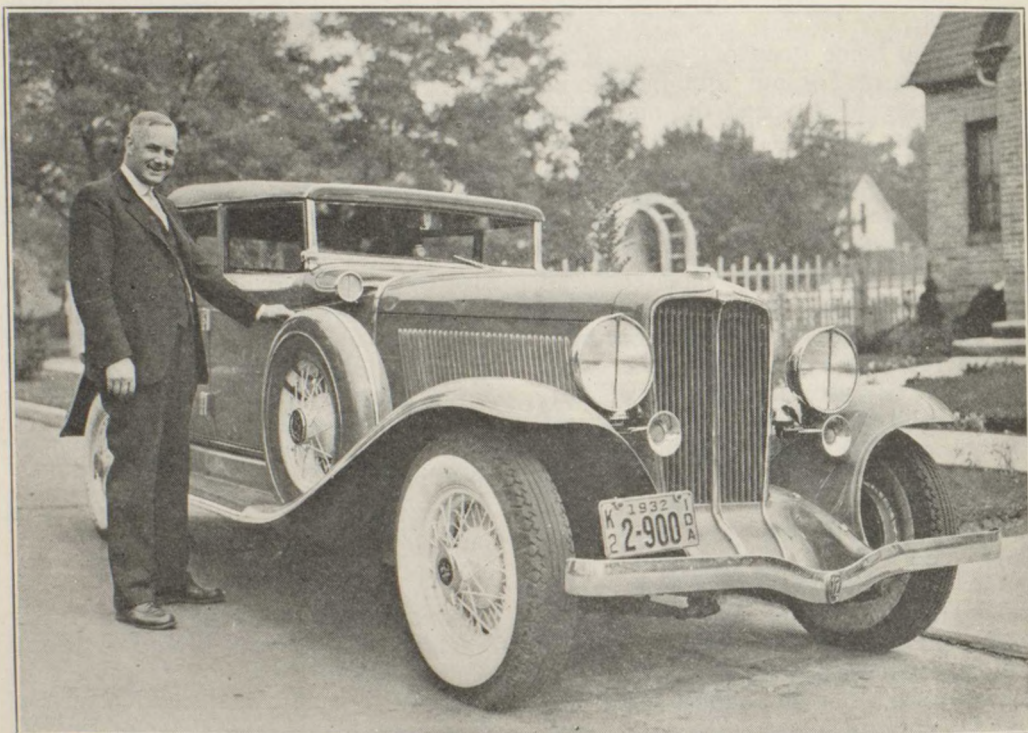
I want everyone who reads this little story to get the simple truth behind it, because it so happens that this story is a true story. Naturally, I have camouflaged names, although not places, and those of my students living in Toronto, Canada, who are over the age of forty-five, will know who I am talking about.

Before this man died he was known and respected the entire world over, and his name has gone down in Canadian history as one of the greatest empire builders the world has ever seen. I have had personal conversation with this man before his death, and received this story as I have given it to you from him over thirty years ago.

You take the Spiritual import of it and the Spiritual Truth and apply it in your own life, and you will see what my Christmas message to you is.

When the churches of every brand and denomination forget their foolish and man-made theories of "immaculate conceptions," "vicarious atonements," "miraculous births," and all the rest of this pagan tommy-rot—and when they look beyond all of the world's many "crucified saviors" to the Spirit of God,—when they do this, then they will know that God is Spirit and Spirit—the Spirit of God—is invisible Life, and invisible Love.





DR. ROBINSON WITH HIS CAR

Emergency calls come in to our Headquarters for Dr. Robinson's help every day. It is manifestly impossible for him to answer but a few of these calls, although he would like to see them all. Dr. Robinson is doing many men's work as it is and he cannot leave Moscow except where he feels a crisis is at hand. However—he does answer many calls, and as speed is very necessary on account of his very busy life, he keeps for these trips one of the fastest cars made.

This car has 160 horse-power and is capable of a speed of more than one hundred miles an hour. (Traffic officers throughout Idaho, Oregon, Utah and Washington know both Dr. Robinson and this car, and treat him with every courtesy. The car is an Auburn twin-six, and is finished in a beautiful two-tone green.)

It is interesting to note that under no circumstances has Dr. Robinson ever accepted one cent, either directly or indirectly, for help he is able to render in almost every case appealing to him. Many people have sent him gifts of money, but these he turns over to the needy families as he finds them. Last year he donated a sack of flour to every destitute family in this county. He gives very freely of his substance, and many a time goes without in order that others may have. Dr. Robinson never worries about finances. He uses his best judgment and reason, and he has been marvelously led, and whenever the need has arisen for anything, the great God-Realm has provided it.





Many, many requests are continually being received here for pictures of little Alfred, who Dr. Robinson often mentions in his writings. Here is a group picture of his family. Mrs. Robinson—Florence, the two-year-old baby, and Alfred. This family wishes to thank everyone for the many beautiful letters and presents received during the past 30 months. They are all very much appreciated. Alfie sends his love to all.





Reading from left to right the names are as follows: Mrs. Kerr, Miss Wittman, Dr. Frank B. Robinson, Mrs. Tisdall, Mrs. Mosher, Miss Wright, Miss Russell, Miss Waggoner, Mrs. Chevrault, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Lomasson, and Mr. Burton.



"PSYCHIANA" EMPLOYEES

When Dr. Robinson first released "Psychiana" thirty months ago he worked all day in a drug store and attended to the mailing at night. Inside of thirty days it became necessary to hire one girl and a small office was rented. In another sixty days more space was needed so larger quarters were obtained. Within sixty days still larger quarters were needed so a third office was rented. Still these quarters were not large enough so a building forty by one hundred and twenty was leased. At that time we had five employees. Our rapid growth soon made this building too small, so early this year Dr. Robinson bought one quarter of a block in the heart of the business district of Moscow. We occupy a two-story building and have ample room to build when necessary. The above group are part of the employees of this corporation.

P. S. It is interesting to note that Miss Waggoner told us she was the daughter of an employee of the Gospel Advocate, which magazine calls my teaching "unadulterated bunk." This girl who is one of our first students, was stranded in one of the eastern states last year. On making her condition known Dr. Robinson wired her enough money to bring her to Moscow where he found her a good job with "Psychiana." We wonder if the Gospel Advocate would do that. This is one of the many things that Mr. Brewer did not know when he wrote his famous "review" of us.

Two Letters

In the last issue of this magazine, I published a very unfair, slanderous, and bitter article which appeared in a religious paper called the "Gospel Advocate." This paper is published in Nashville, Tenn., and the writer of the "review," as he calls it, is the Rev. G. C. Brewer, pastor of the First Church of Christ in Memphis, Tenn.

So untrue was the entire article, that I reproduced it in full, more to show the attitude of those professing "salvation—and the baptism of the Holy Ghost" than for any other reason. As this issue of our magazine is five times as large in circulation as is the usual issue, I think I shall reproduce here a couple of letters among many that Mr. Brewer received from students of mine who took offense at the article. I inserted in about a hundred copies of this magazine, a little letter, asking my students to write this man, and tell him their reactions to my teaching. This many of them did, perhaps to the amazement of this man and his paper.

I don't know how much mail he would get if I were to ask ten thousand students to write to him; and most of them would if I asked them too. I only asked a very few though, as I didn't want to fluster this gentleman of "god" at all. For the benefit of those who did not see the article (now out of print), let me say that this Gospel Advocate is a religious paper, coming to us from the famous "Bible belt." What they didn't say about me and this work wasn't worth saying. If ever I got a real honest-to-goodness lambasting, this holy brother, Brewer, gave it to me. And I take it he must be holy, else he would not attempt to criticize or castigate another man who perhaps is "pastor" of a church around the world, which "church" has perhaps hundreds of times as many "members" as he has. And a man must be a holy man to do that.

At any rate, according to this review, the impression was given out that I am everything that's bad. I know nothing about God at all. I do not put any letters after my name indicating what I am a "doctor" of, nor do I know anything but "bald unadulterated bunk." I am sorry that this issue containing the "review" was sold out in short

order, as I would like every student to read that review. It will bear me out in the first article of this issue. Perhaps, and it's quite likely I shall run the "review" again, for I want every last one of my followers and students to know the effects of the "church god and his religion" in the life of at least one of its followers.

By their fruits men are invariably known, and this type of an editorial must show the "beautiful spirit of Christ" which, I suppose, controls the life of the writer of that "review." I note in another issue of that paper they have an editorial department called "*Sword-Swipes*." It seems they are quite expert in the use of the word "sword." If you look down the ages, though, you will find that "Christians" have always been that. The trouble is that so many differing sects and denominations and "faiths" are included in the word "Christians" that, like Joseph's coat, it covers many sins. In their "sword-swipes" in the issue I saw, they are having words—or sumpin'—with Butler university. "Contending for the faith"—I presume they call it. But they evidently forgot that others can, and will "contend for their faith" just as intelligently, and perhaps more so, than the "Advocate" does for its faith.

However—here are the letters. I shall only publish two, although I have many copies of letters sent in to Brother Brewer. The first one is from a very beautiful character, a lady student of mine, who has found God—(not the church "god"—Yahveh—but the Living God.) Here it is:

Mr. G. C. Brewer,

Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sir:

I have just read your letter concerning "Psychiana," and want to write as I am half way through Dr. Robinson's course, and want you to know how mistaken you are concerning both Dr. Robinson and "Psychiana."

In the first place altho Dr. Robinson has openly condemned superstitions and traditious religions, he has never condemned or attacked any person to my knowledge, showing always a kindly and tolerant feeling toward all people.

Dr. Robinson never condemned anything as false that he hadn't tried sincerely. He tried your religion earnestly for years, and found no peace or power. He did not write until he had found something that filled his needs and that he knew would help others, as it has. I tried the old religion too, and it meant very little to me. I never remember a preacher that really carried conviction to me. They all had to get outside evangelists in to try and convert the people because they had so little power themselves, and a month after the evangelists had gone the emotionalism had gone and most of the converts. I never had a good S. S. teacher, and our church has a big building and is typical of most.

Dr. Robinson says humbly that many teachers have gone before him and he is only clarifying and adding a little to their accumulated teachings. He does not undo Christian Science either. You only read his introductory lectures and never have tried his method of finding the spiritual power. I do not feel that you are any more qualified to criticize "Psychiana" than you would be to criticize and discuss actual conditions in India, if you'd only been in Bombay.

He knows about your religion but you know nothing really about his. If you looked at a table full of new food stuffs, you could not tell anyone how they tasted or affected you until you had eaten and even digested them. The same with the spiritual truths of "Psychiana."

If you are a preacher, or in religious work, or whatnot, I wonder if you aren't being paid a salary. Our Baptist preacher, a man of your beliefs, charged more when he came here than any preacher we have ever had. They got him unseen and unheard from Wisconsin and he would not come for less than \$3,000. He gets a house rent free too. He is preaching the immediate second coming of Christ, the rapture, millenium. He believes in a Satan, Anti-Christ, and a Devil—but he gets paid for preaching it and not as Christ did.

Christ went alone for forty days into

the wilderness and stayed there until he had conquered his desire for worldly things and a worldly kingdom, as even his own people had thought he would set up one. He later said, "I have overcome the world," and when He put spiritual things first he found a new power. If he had known he would find that power it would not have taken him forty days, but he did not, the power came as it does come when the conditions are fulfilled, and if Dr. Robinson lets anyone keep his lectures 45 days and if they sincerely and earnestly try as he teaches to turn their thoughts toward this Living God they will begin to know they too are finding the same power Christ found. Christ said, "My burden is light, and my yoke is easy." Until you have tried this yourself you can know nothing of the experience. I can, because I know and never again can anyone tell me there is no Living God. I am 46 years old. I had arthritis in my whole right side, and I had to stop teaching. I am alone too, as my parents died a few years ago. I was a school teacher. I cannot describe to you the change that Dr. Robinson's teachings brought to me, but I have not felt so young and thrilled since I was 18 years old. I had not realized how old and heavy my physical body had grown, until the load of poisons left. There is an actual physical change that comes when one's life is turned toward this Living God, and all your thots as far as possible are centered on Him. Christ was a radical in his day, as Dr. Robinson is now. He denounced the men that searched the scriptures, but knew not the spirit. Don't worry about the sheep that have gone astray, because He said about false prophets "by their fruits, ye shall know them."

You speak of the superstitious souls needing something mysterious in religion.

Isn't all religion mysterious? It deals with Spirit, and aren't angels, resurrections and ascensions particularly unexplainable — therefore mysterious? Christ said, "The wind blows wherever it chooses and you hear the sound of it, but you do not know where it comes

from or where it goes to. That is the way with everyone who owes his birth to the Spirit. "Isn't that mysterious? And the power Psychiana helps us to find is that power, but unheard and so more mysterious than the wind.

Dr. Robinson does not repudiate the whole Bible, he clarifies it. I read the Bible more than ever, because I am reading it wisely. Christ went off alone, so did Paul, and I would advise you to take Dr. Robinson's course on trial 45 days and try that same method, as your statement that "Psychiana teaches you to invoke something" shows you have never yet found that 'something.' Our forefathers came to America for freedom of thot and religious freedom, but I would call the poor folks of Tennessee the confused and groping folks, as they have been deprived of that liberty—they must be mentally groping in "darkness." It would make me very happy to know you had had a change of heart and tried Psychiana and found the Spirit.

Sincerely,
CLARA L. OSBORNE.

The second letter comes from one of my first students, who lives in Ohio. This man speaks a little plainer than Miss Osborne did, but he is just as much in earnest as she was. Here is the letter. In both of these letters the address is, for obvious reasons, deleted. I have the letters in my files though:

Rev. G. C. Brewer,
First Church of Christ,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Brewer:

I have read your article appearing in the Gospel Advocate, attacking Dr. Frank B. Robinson of Moscow, Idaho, and I personally resent your lack of knowledge concerning Dr. Robinson's teachings.

I can truthfully state, that for many years I have investigated the various religions, weighed them in the balance and found them wanting, yes wanting—for the *truth*. I have done just what Jesus Christ advocated, to-wit: "Seek and ye shall find" (and it is quite evident that you have *not* done so) yes, through all these years, I have been finally led into the New Psychological Religion, I have

proven to my own satisfaction and to others that it is true, and therein alone, have I found the *real* truths of God. No other religion has taught me who God is, nor did they teach me *how* to *heal* the sick and afflicted, and thru no other religion have I been able to contact God. What's more—I can personally *prove* that your Good Book is a rank forgery, nevertheless, I can understand your position quite clearly, in your desire to serve the Creator of this Universe, you were handed a book; and were told that it was the word of God and it was true, you took it for granted, and refused to seek further. That was *your* mistake for *not* seeking. Others have done so and came into the Light. But—when you assume to be an authority on Webster, perhaps I as a layman can give you a bit of enlightenment, Webster's dictionary says that, an *ignoramus*—is one without knowledge and unfamiliar with the subject at hand! now listen Mr. Brewer—you have no right to condemn a teaching, before you have thoroly investigated and studied the subject in question. Always *seek* the *facts* concerning any question, because—then alone, can you have *truth*. Listen—because a *book* says a thing is true, does *not* make it so! Surely Mr. Brewer, you don't want people to call you an *ignoramus*, do you?

Most cordially yours,
F. H. SHETLER.

If you were to take the above two letters, and multiply them by many thousands, you would perhaps receive a faint idea of the mass of letters in my files. Wherever this teaching has gone, it has changed lives. It has revealed *God* to my students. It has made them happy. Poverty has been changed in many instances to plenty. Illnesses of every conceivable kind have, through the Spirit of God, been banished. Mr. Brewer though, says the teaching is "bald-bunk." And he said that without knowing the first thing about it. So little did he know about it that when I checked his statement in a personal letter to him, he replied in part as follows: "What advertising matter of yours is it that shows the letters D.D.?—none that I have ever seen." At the same time, in at least three places in my literature, as well as two places

in the front of this issue, and every other issue of this magazine, the letters "D.D." have always appeared after my name. But Mr. Brewer said in his "review": "(Dr.)? Robinson does *not* put any letters after his name." So you see how little he knew about it. And through not finding out first, he published and broadcast an utterly false statement about me. Among many others.

My stand on "orthodox religion" is well known. I do not believe the Bible for I know too much about it. I do not believe the story the Bible tells us for the simple reason that it does not submit proof that the story is true. Not a single original MSS. has ever been known to exist, covering this Bible story. No one knows who wrote the four Gospels, and it wouldn't make any difference if they did. The first article in this special issue shows very plainly what the so-called "Christian religion" amounts to. A copy of many others. And the funny part of it all is that the entire Bible story, with its "plan of salvation" must be taken on "faith." That I refuse to do. And many millions more refuse to do it also. The last presidential election showed it very plainly.

We all have read of the "dark ages of faith," and we don't want any more of them either. This wonderful land of ours is about to discard *all* pagan religious superstition. The whole world is discarding it. And it's a good thing. For if, as I claim, the Bible story of Jesus Christ as his "godship" is *not true*, then there must lie the *truth* somewhere. And there does. And tens of thousands of my followers are finding that *truth*. They are finding it all over the world. For with the discarding of pagan superstition, and religious unprovable tradition, the eternal *truths* of an Eternal God are making themselves known.

The church of course can't quite see this yet. The light is dawning on it though. It knows something is wrong but doesn't know what it is. It knows it's very rapidly losing out though. Once in this country it was a political power. But no more. Its story is *not true*, and people know it's *not true*. And they are discarding it by the thousands. Preachers can't get jobs. 80% of the churches in one of our largest American denominations are not self-supporting. I have loaned money to more than one preacher in this little city of Moscow, be-

cause the church board didn't have money enough in the pot to pay his salary. That's a fine state of affairs to exist in organizations claiming to operate by "divine power and dispensation of God." Why don't they use some of the "power of their God" to pay their legitimate expenses and their preachers' salaries? For the simple reason the "God" they teach does *not exist* and never did exist. All the church "God" is, is old "Yah-veh" or Jehovah, who, in turn, never was nothing more than one of the many old Jewish tribal "gods." Ask a Jew if he believes the "Jesus story" and see what he tells you. Ask the "man on the street" if he believes it also. The churches had an opportunity to show what political "pull" they had at the last election—and we saw it too.

No—beloved—the day is here when men and women want the *truth* about God. Like myself, they tried for years to find Him by the church method. And it didn't work. Now—I am not willing to do as many are doing, and deny the existence of God because the church has failed to reveal Him—not at all. What I did was to examine their structure and their story—and I found to my satisfaction that the story has no evidence of its truth. I suggest that Mr. Brewer read the first article in this Xmas issue, and then let him write me and tell me that his "crucified Savior" really did exist and was true, while the rest of them were false.

My work is very clearly cut out for me. I fear neither man nor devil. Not even the church itself—believe it or not. This entire movement is grounded in Spiritual Truth, and in the Living God. Therefore, with an iron back, a strong will, and an implicit faith in the God I love, I go forth—and as is to be expected, unusual things happen. Lives are changed. Diseases disappear. Happiness takes the place of sorrow. Faith in God take the place of church atheism, and if there are any "angels" then there must be joy amongst them at the results of this teaching, certainly there is joy on earth and in the lives of thousands of students of mine, for wherever false "gods" are displaced by the *True God*, there is always much rejoicing.

The followers of the rest of the "crucified saviors" have gone down to their graves, secure in the belief that at some time or

other the clouds would burst open, and either Wittoba, or Prometheus, or Buddha, of Chrishna, or one of the rest of them would come back to earth again, snatch them from out of their graves, and, flying through millions and billions of light years of space, right through the interstellar regions a thousand times colder than ice, would, in some miraculous manner, transport them to "heaven" or to some other place where they could sing songs for ever and ever around a great white throne. But none of the false gods ever have come back. And they never will. Neither will the false "man-God" the churches worship today ever come back. If he intended to come back he never would have died. And, by the way, that is the only proof of whether or not any "man-god" really came from God. If he was God, then he did not die. If he died, then he was not God. For God is

Life, and *Life* is not death in any sense of the word.

Jesus Christ was one of the greatest spiritual teachers and prophets the world has ever seen. He had to be to get the following he got. But in no sense of the word can it be truthfully said that he was the great God of this universe in the form of a man. He couldn't have been. That story has had its day. Now, men and women are looking for a little more enlightening and intelligent theory of God than the church theory. And as they discard the false "god-man," then they find the true Life Spirit. And finding Him, they are at rest. I trust this Xmastide sees many thousands of men and women, including Brother Brewer, totally discard all man-made pagan philosophies of life and religion, and, discarding them all, they will find the one Supreme God, whom to know is *Life Eternal*.

The Christmas Spirit

This spirit of Xmas should be a spirit of thanksgiving. For surely you have many things to be thankful for. The greatest gift of all is the gift of Life. The gift of the *God-Life*—for that is exactly what it is. This life you enjoy is but the very life of God manifesting in you. It came from God, and when it leaves you it will go back to God who gave it. When we discard religious superstition we shall be on the way to know how this God-Life may be manifested through these fleshly bodies of ours at will.

Away back yonder, in some how, in some way, *God*, the great Spirit of Life gave the human race *His life*, in physical form. Down through the ages this same Spirit of Life has been transferred to us through the God-law of heredity, and this will always be so until man realizes how close he is, whether he recognizes it or not, to the Infinite Spirit of the Infinite God. When he realizes this, then what a marvelous vista opens up to him. What a spirit of thankfulness comes to him. How the tears oftentimes fall when he meditates upon his closeness to the Infinite Spirit of God.

Then again there are other things one should be thankful for. The home—the

family—the friends—the beautiful earth, the flowers, the snow, in fact all these things are but manifestations of the Life of God, and therefore, shall we not this Xmas-tide give thanks to the Great God for ever having given us life. I would not be unmindful of those who do not possess the best things life has to offer—but of course that is only because they have not yet learned to "trust where they cannot trace." They have not yet learned the dynamic fact that God's great Presence is *here* for the satisfaction and fulfillment of their every right desire.

They think they must exist in poverty. They think they are not perhaps blest with either the mental equipment or the facilities to make a success of their lives. They think that because they have always known poverty they always will know it. They think that because their vision has always been limited it always will be limited. But all these things are, because they do not either know or trust God. Probably they are trying to be "good Christians," and consider themselves but "pilgrims on a thorny road," and the end of the road will, if they follow certain rules and dogmas laid down by their "church organization," finally bring them

to the place where they may be counted among the "144,000" who alone are to be saved.

What an insult to the great Invisible God such teachings are. What blasphemy. For do you not know my brother that "according to your faith be it done unto you?" These good souls do not know—they have never even faintly trusted the Great Life Spirit, for they have been taught that this great monster "god" dwells "above the sky." They have had no teaching that he is here on earth for their edification and their salvation. They do not know that. And I do not know that I blame them for holding these old traditions and pagan beliefs.

I remember when a child I used to get down by the side of my little bed and sing the following:

"Jesus who lived above the sky
Came down to be a man and die;
And in the Bible we may see,
How very good He used to be."

No doubt the intention was good in having me sing that little song. But it introduced into my young mind the story of death. And blood. And daggers. And swords. And a cruel cross. And the cutting off of ears. And the "bloody stripes." In other words it brought to my young mind one of the most horrible and cruel stories a child could have been told. And as the years went by I questioned that story. Now I *know* it's not true. So I am trying to supplant that pagan story, a copy of other stories, with the true existence of the Spirit of God as this great Power *does* exist today.

With the casting off of the old "church" tradition and dogmas—all unprovable—the great Light of Life came to me. And for that I am thankful. And as this great movement gets under headway, I see the results of the teaching of the *True Power* of the *Living God*—and to date I am abundantly satisfied. And yet not that. For I shall never be satisfied until men and women the whole world over, have meeting places where they can gather and praise and worship the great *Life-Spirit* as this mighty invisible Spirit exists. I want to see a "PSYCHIANA" headquarters in every city of any importance in America. And I shall live to see that day. And what a day it will be. No more "repentance and salvation by the way

of the cross"—none of that, for we know that story is *not true*.

But replacing that story, there will be an actual present manifestation of the Spirit of God in the lives of men and women by the millions. And that day is coming. And at this Xmas-tide I am thankful for it. My friends—I am but interested in one thing. That thing is the Power and the Spirit of God. Money means nothing to me. Fame brings me no pleasure. Publicity I hate. But God—I love, and shall continue to walk hand in hand with this great Life-Spirit, until this movement wins millions to it.

I am truly thankful though for the almost miraculous success to date. I am thankful for the beautiful home surroundings. I am thankful for the evidence of the presence of God all around me. And more than all I am thankful that I am able to look into the face of God, so to speak, and to say to Him: "Great Master—God—lead the way—I'll follow." That's cause for satisfaction. It's cause for thankfulness.

Then I am thankful for the many literal thousands who have written me the marvelous letters I daily receive. These letters tell me in no uncertain terms that the mighty power of the Living God still exists and still exists for anyone and everyone who desires it. Old dirty habits drop off. Plenty replaces poverty. Peace replaces turmoil. Righteousness replaces "sin." The peace of God replaces the fleeting joys of a world that does not yet know God as He exists, and as the church preaches Him.

As a matter of fact, we all have so much to be thankful for that we can all, this Christmas season, just go to our room, or, better yet, get out under God's stars, or in His open fields, or on His ocean, and there, with a heart bubbling over with gratitude, we can just breathe a little word of thanks to Him. And that Spirit of Life will recognize our little Spirit of thanks, and we shall find that we are automatically complying with the Law of God, and our happiness will be complete. For not one jot nor tittle shall ever pass from *the Law* till all shall be fulfilled. So, gathering round your little Xmas tree, look away beyond the tree and its symbols to *God*—and, knowing Him, you will know all.

Democratic

The readers of this magazine will remember in the August number I made the statement that this coming election would see the greatest Democratic landslide this country had ever witnessed. While I do not claim to be a political prophet, this time I evidently gauged the situation correctly for if ever a country saw a landslide in any election, it saw it this past month. It will be well worth while for us to look at the results of this election, and analyze them a little, for as I see it this election tells the keen observer of the times many things.

It tells me many things and it tells them to me so plainly that in my mind there can be no question as to what the future must and will bring forth. All one had to do in this election was to run on the Democratic ticket for most any office, and one was sure to be elected. In Seattle they elected Vic Myers, a jazz orchestra leader, as Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Washington. A State Senator was elected while he was in jail on charges preferred by some Woman's Protective Association or other. As a matter of fact, and as you now know, the election was the grandest house-cleaning this good land of our has ever seen. And I think it's a mighty good thing too. It has done many things, least of which is that it has shown the "man on the street" that when he is intersted enough, the government of this country lies in his own hands. It has shown the "ordinary" man—the "common people"—that the Galilean Carpenter loved so well, that the future of this country lies in his own hands.

These "common people" will not be dictated to any more, for at last they have awakened to the fact that their own individual thinking will inevitably lead them into the paths of truth, and will inevitably bring them to the final attainment of the things they desire on this earth. For when the people speak, then see the politicians and the religious "leaders" run. And when the people of this country get sufficiently aroused to speak—they speak. At least certainly spoke this time and no mistake. It happened to be my good fortune in the State of Idaho to be in the midst of the campaign in the interests of one of the finest and cleanest Governors this State ever saw.

A malicious campaign, probably religiously engineered, was waged against him. The same campaign was waged against the Attorney-General, the Secretary of State and the U. S. Senator—all of these were running for office to displace those who were already there except the Governor.

It was one of the dirtiest campaigns this State has ever seen. It had to be dirty to cause me to leave my work and go into the field for these good men. But the results more than justified the effort and the expense, for I freely donated both time and money to the cause that I considered right and just. And evidently the people of the State of Idaho thought so too, for we carried every precinct in the State. The U. S. Senator, who has been in Washington D. C. for a quarter of a century, was discarded. Governor Ross went in by the largest majority he had ever had. The Secretary of State and the Attorney-General both went out, and the U. S. Senator, Mr. Pope, was able to achieve an overwhelming victory against a man who considered himself a fixture. As a matter of fact, Senator Borah actively campaigned for this man, but that made no difference—he went down—and out. For the people spoke—and they really did speak too. All the dirt that was thrown, and all the religious influence brought to bear was of no avail. For the people, as ever, instantly recognized *truth*, and so our candidates *all* were elected overwhelmingly. I certainly do not begrudge either the time or the money thrown into that campaign, and I would do it again if I thought it the right thing to do.

This was a revolution. It was a revolution of ballots instead of bullets. Every civilized country in the world, and some not civilized is seeing the same thing. In England, there was a bitter hunger parade, the first demonstration England has ever seen on that order. In France and Germany, in Italy and Russia, we see the same spirit arising, and it is a good thing for it is a spirit of equality and of liberation. You and I have taken orders from the rich for too long now. We have been "good dogs" also for too long. Now—we are beginning to see that all men are equal, and no one man and no company of men should ever be

allowed to roll in wealth and lavishly display more things than they ever can use, whilst millions are starving in our midst.

God's green earth never fails. It always bountifully brings forth abundant harvests. In fact at the present time there is so much of a surplus of grain that its price is the lowest in 300 years. Yet there are millions in this land of ours that are actually hungry today. Is that right? And why are they hungry? Just simply because they have never realized the power given into their hands by the good old American ballot. They don't need bullets—all they need is ballots, used intelligently. And they certainly used them intelligently this time and no mistake. The spontaneous method in which, all over the country, men and women voted the straight Democratic ticket, is little short of marvelous. It shows that they were moved, perhaps all unknown to them, by the Spirit of the Infinite God. Little did they realize it of course, but this world-wide movement in every country for freedom is but the unmistakable workings of the great God-Spirit or God-Law in our midst. And when men and women nationally will follow that leading, and allow it to lead further, then their own liberation and their own personal knowledge of God is not so far off.

For God is not removed from His universe—He is in it. He is not seated on some throne (like the Gospel Advocate says I am), but His great Spirit is *here*—right in our midst—not only as the original Creator of every living thing, but as *the constant sustainer*. Invisible—yes—of course, for the Spirit of God has not flesh and blood—but here just the same. And it is only because this truth has never been taught by those professing "supernaturally - revealed religion," that men have never seen it before. Where the Spirit of God is—there is always peace. And where the Spirit of God is—there is always plenty. Not one man rolling in wealth and another starving. Not that. Such a condition only exists because the one has not seen the vital and fundamental Law of the Spiritual Realm. All he sees is the law of "get for myself as much as I can, and at the expense of all if necessary."

And that is not the Spirit of God by any means. Jesus said that pure religion, and undefiled was in feeding the hungry, etc. And do you think that the justice of a great

God can ever manifest whilst millions of our fellow men are starving whilst others roll in wealth, and booze and wild women. They do not all do this to be sure. But many of them do. I respect and honor the man who is big enough and business man enough to conduct his business successfully, provided always that this business is for the benefit of all. And every business should be for the benefit of all.

I have amongst my students some very wealthy and influential men. And fine godly characters they are too. These men would do anything for the "under-dog" and I like them all. As a matter of fact, I envy the money a lot of them have, for what could I not do for God and humanity if I had the money. I shall have it some day for I am laying my plans as they should be laid. And sooner or later the Spirit of God will bring to me the man or woman who has sufficient of this world's goods to allow me to do what I want to do for the Kingdom of God. I am not worrying about that at all. When the need arises—thank God it will be met. So far I have been very able to meet every obligation and to grow very rapidly too.

And this success will continue. My students are buying our Preferred Shares nobly, and as this movement grows, it will become one of the greatest Spiritual Powers for God this old world has ever seen. I know what I am doing, and I know where I am going. Some good folks (like Brother Brewer), may not like my methods, but I cannot afford to pay attention to anyone's likes or dislikes—we are progressing too rapidly for that. And besides, when a man has his eyes on the realm of God, he doesn't care very much what anyone thinks or says. Certainly I don't.

There is an undercurrent of religious power which, of course, means the Power of God, and this undercurrent is sweeping the country. It is manifesting in different ways. But there is a great heart-hunger for the things of God. And this is the surest sign that the hunger shall be filled. You remember what the Galilean Carpenter said in his famous Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness—for *they shall be filled*." And this unrest—this turmoil—this groping after something we see all around us, and especially in this last election, is but the

soul of man crying out for the soul satisfaction that comes from the heart-hunger for God. And the hunger will most assuredly be met. It will not be met by the differing church organizations with their quasi-religious philosophies, for those philosophies are not true. At and rate, if ever these philosophies were effectively repudiated anywhere at any time, they were repudiated in this country on November the 8th. And I am glad to see it. I have been consistently making the statement for nearly three years now, that the church had nothing of an enlightening nature to offer anyone. I have made the statement that the story they come to us with is not true. And I have also said many times and in many places that the people of this country had absolutely no use for what the church has to offer as far as Spiritual Truth goes. I have also stated that I did not believe one word of the story we are asked to believe by this church, which story we are supposed to risk our "soul's eternal salvation" on.

Never was it necessary for either man or God to die, the one for the other. Never did any organization have given to it alone, the eternal truths of God to the exclusion of everyone not believing in such teachings and not subscribing to them. Never has it been necessary for you or me to be "ducked" in order to signify our death to "sin" and our "new life" with Christ. It is not a fact that some unusual and intangible experience must come to us from God by the "repentance and salvation" method, before we can know the truths of God. That story was manufactured by a church organization to further its own ends. And by the way, don't let anyone ever tell you that this "crucifixion and resurrection" story is original with Christianity, for nothing could be farther from the truth.

Millions of people, thousands of years before Christ was ever heard of had that story. They knew it in detail. The only difference being that the name of the "savior" was not Christ but something else. Across the gloomy horizon of church and religious history has flared "crucified savior" after "crucified savior." Nearly every country at some time or other has had one of them. And the funny part of it all is that they all antedate the story the church asks us to believe. God's eternal truths are not dependent upon any man's interpretations

of them, and those who say they are—lie. What sort of God would it be, who would separate His love from *even one* of His created creatures. What sort of God would it be who would say, "Except a man be born again he cannot see or enter the ingdom of Heaven."

If some of these "Bush-Baptists" and "Pentecostal Alliances" would open their eyes to the eternal truths of God as they exist, they would be able to see God all right, and see Him right here and now. They would soon see the utter fallacy and paganism of ever believing a story that the great Creator of this universe "regretted" that he made man, and then, to show his "regret," caused a great flood to come on the earth, and, with the agonizing screams of men, women and children, regardless of these terrible death-screams, *drowned them all like rats in a trap.*

The church says it doesn't believe that either. Well, if it doesn't it has nothing at all to offer. Is not the Bible the "holy—divinely inspired word of God?" Is it not true from "cover to cover"? Did not God ordain that "unless a man be born again he cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven"? Is that not a fact? Is it not a fact that God caused a "great flood" to come upon the earth, drowning like baby kittens or rats every created thing from off the face of the earth except old man Noah and his tribe of animals—is that not a fact? It must be. The Bible says so. And if the church tells me it doesn't believe that, then I must say to it and tell it very plainly that it has no leg left to stand on.

For on the Bible story is this whole fabric of Christianity founded. It's either true or false. It cannot be both. But you and I know, of course, that there isn't a grain of truth in it. We know that it's the same old "man-god" story that millions knew thousands of years before Christ was ever heard from. *No—my friends—the Eternal Truths of an Eternal God have not been vouchsafed to the Methodist church, nor to the Catholic church, nor to the Pentecostal church, nor to the Baptist church, nor the Holy Rollers.* Not at all. And any of these organization that tries to tell us that they have been so vouchsafed, to the exclusion of everyone else—lies. God does not operate in that manner at all. What sort of God would He be if He did?

All of which leaves us with a Christless and Godless church. For if the Bible God did not exist, and if he did exist and did what the Bible said he did, then certainly you and I are in a sorry mess. But that story is *not true*. And most of those preaching it know it's not true. If they didn't know it before this election they certainly know it now. For the truths of the Living God are so plain that when presented to the man on the street, regardless of church affiliation or any other affiliation, they will be instantly recognized. So the church might just as well shut up shop, or better still, learn something of the Power and Might of the real God as He exists. This it will be able to do when it is willing to discard all its pagan philosophies and traditions. And not until.

I said in the last issue of my magazine that these religious organizations were "dying ducks." And they are; for if ever the "divine and God-appointed" church had a chance to show its divinity or its power, it had such a chance in the last election. Gathered together we had Dan Poling, the "prophet of God" of the Methodist church. We had the W. C. T. U., the Christian Endeavor (of which I used to be an officer), and we had the "anti-saloon league" with Scott McBride and Clarence True Wilson, etc. They were all determined to put up, and they did put up the most offensive and intensive battle they knew how to put up. And yet—in spite of all that, they were so sadly and badly repudiated at the polls that they might just as well do like some Arabs once did—fold up their tents and steal away. They might even "quieten" themselves and then, when they have heard the speakings of the "still small voice" of God, they can come back to us with their new philosophy of life and their new religious teaching, and when they do that we will examine it, and look it over carefully. We will see whether or not it smacks of God's eternal truths, and, if it does, we will accept it, and instead of working against them will work *for* them. But until that day comes, I am very much afraid that we shall have to continue to tell the truth to the people and show them how absolutely ridiculous is the story the church offers to us today.

In Los Angeles we see one mighty man of God, Shuler—once in jail—running for office on three different tickets. And we

saw the very gratifying results also. There in Los Angeles we have Aimee too. All bought, as they tell us, with the "precious blood of Christ." Well—maybe that's true. And again maybe it is *not* true. They say it is true—I say, "I very much doubt it." I do *not* believe the story that the great God of this universe ordained, or allowed to be ordained any such theory of salvation as that is. All you and I have to do beloved to know God is but to recognize His matchless Presence. We need no "repentance" and sorrow for "sin." If we are sorry for "sin" the best way to show that sorrow is to do as Jesus instructed the woman of Samaria at the well of Jacob to do—"Go and sin no more."

We need no black-robed priests nor yet long-haired preachers to "intercede with God" for us. We need no "absolvo te's" to be said for us. We need no sawdust-trails a la Billy Sunday, nor do we need any "penitent forms" or any "baptisms of the holy ghost," for they never seem to last very long. We find the same "baptised brothers and sisters" getting "baptised" at almost every "revival" that comes along. Well, it is my opinion that this world would be better off without any sort of unadulterated bunk—for that is all it is, as I see it. And universally it is being discarded, too. And no one knows it any better than the "church" knows it. In Spokane, Washington, where they had a very severe "jar" this last election when the State Dry-Law was overwhelmingly repealed, the preachers have organized "cottage prayer-meetings" and are to hold "union revival meetings." Well, they might just as well save their time. The church has had 2,000 years that we know of to show us just what it has from God, and if most of the people of this country are as I am, they will find that what it has is just—*nothing at all*.

Really I hate to write this way. I wish it were possible for me to be able to handle the truth as it exists, and not speak so plainly. But it seems not possible. No religious revolutionary teaching has ever come through a man who did not do exactly as I am doing. No coward should ever attempt such a movement as this one is. No weak-spined religious philosopher dare ever attempt to bring to men's notice the eternal truths of God, for such an one would meet with ignominious defeat. But I do wish that

people would understand (especially the church people), that the only reason I speak as plainly as I do speak, is that men and women might get their eyes off all man-made gods and all religious theories that cannot be proven. I wish they would forget the "god" in the sky and pay some attention to the *God of Life* down here on earth.

We know nothing about any "god" in the sky. But we do know something of the great Life Spirit as it exists here. There is that quiet—sweet—overwhelming peace—there is that quiet, sweet, overwhelming *power* that always comes from the God-Realm to the soul in tune with the Infinite God. And all I want, my friends, and all I am wearing myself out prematurely for, is that these mighty truths might be accepted, and the *present* existence of God may be known. As long as the church organizations come to us with their "crucified savior" story, and as long as they hang onto the "miraculous conception" story, and as long as they tell us "salvation" is dependent on "blood," then I must battle with them. I must tell people that story is *not* true. And in making that statement I am borne out by history and by almost everything else. The failure of the church itself is the greatest and most decisive evidence that it knows very little, if anything at all about the Power of the Living God. By their fruits ye shall know them. And by the fruits of the church I know it. And just as long as I believe that story is not true, then so long shall I fight it.

My students and followers, however, *know* the living truth of a Living God—and my files are *teeming* with the evidence that they do know it. So please all send me your best thoughts—they will reach me. Hold me up—for the fight gets hotter, and by the way, the hotter the fight gets the more victorious we are. If it should be that this article meets the eye of one who can help us financially, then let such an one write to me. We have a mighty program ahead of us. There will be a building in many of the large cities of America, and in these buildings "PSYCHIANA" will be preached. Not "PSYCHIANA" though, but the God Psychiana teaches. But I shall make no moves along that line until we have ample funds ahead. And that will come too.

Now just a closing word to my readers. Let the returns from this last

national election fill your hearts with supreme joy, for at last men and women are getting receptive to the real truths of God as such truths exist. They have repudiated at the polls "supernaturally-revealed" superstition, and their hearts are hungry for God. You help me to fill that longing, and as this mighty movement gains impetus, stay by me, and we will swing this world a little nearer the Great Spirit of God, where the world should be. When humanity realizes the actual existence of God *here and now*, then the purpose of creation will have been fulfilled. That day is close at hand, so remember me, and help as you can, and above all:—"Rejoice—for the day of your complete salvation is at hand."

PLEASE!



This old year of 1932 will soon be gone. We shall enter another year. The Spirit of God is an invisible Spirit. It seems to be non-existent and yet it is the most dynamic Power the world has ever seen. I am going to ask my students and Brotherhood members to remember this, and, through the coming year, never let one day go by in which you do not send your thoughts to me in Moscow. A thought is all that is necessary. For thoughts are little parts of the Spirit of God. Let these daily thoughts be "success" thoughts. Let them be thoughts of an Infinite Love. For many united like this will find God in the midst of them. And I shall catch these thoughts. And we shall continue to grow and prosper, and soon this teaching of God will be known throughout every home in the world.

F. B. ROBINSON.



Questions & answers

Conducted by Dr. Frank B. Robinson.

QUESTION: You state that the Bible story of creation is not true. Yet this story is borne out by geologists everywhere. Are these geologists wrong and are you alone right?

ANSWER: No matter when the earth was created, the fact that it was created is proof that the Infinite God created it. If you will look at the date on your authorized King James Version of the Bible you will see that the date given there, opposite the first verse in that book, is 4004 B. C. That is not a fact. This earth was *not* created on any such date as that. When you talk about the Bible account of creation I shall ask you to be more specific. Which Bible account do you mean? There are two entirely different accounts given in the Bible, and both of them cannot be true. The one must be true and the other false, or they must both be false. They cannot both be true. Now which account do you mean?

These two accounts of creation happen to be both different and contradictory. If you place them side by side, you will find that they differ in every particular. This is a pity for those who believe in the "divine inspiration" of this "holy book," and one would naturally think that Yahveh, the supposed author of this book, would have taken more pains to have either one of the two stories given to us, and not both. For the man does not live who can make head or tail out of these conflicting accounts of creation recorded in the Bible.

In the first account, the face of the earth was saturated with moisture, while in the second account it required to be moistened. In the first account, the birds and the beasts are created before man. In the second account they are made after man. In the first account, all fowls that fly are made *out of the waters*, but in the second account they are made *out of the ground*. In the first, man is created in the image of God, in the second he is made from the *dust* of the ground. In the first, man is made Lord of the whole earth, in the second he is given but a small plot to look after. In the first, man and woman are created *together*, while in the second, woman is created from the rib of a man. And so I could go on.

As a matter of fact, no matter which story you asked me to believe was correct, I should tell you neither. Common sense, aside from anything else denies the truth of such stories. Furthermore, you wouldn't believe such impossible stories in a business world, so why believe them in religion.

This story is but a copy of another story, far older than it is. And by the way, let me point out another falsity in the church teachings regarding the Pentateuch. It was not written by Moses, although it says it was. The entire creation yarn can be very effectively discarded, and when you are ready to discard it, along with all other impossible and unreasonable stories, then, and only then will you know the eternal truths of an eternal God as He exists.

No geologist bears out the Bible story of creation. That would be manifestly impossible. And any statement that any geologist can prove the Bible story of creation true, is a false statement. What geology really does do is to absolutely refute the Bible story of creation.

* * *

QUESTION: You stated in your book "*America Awakened*," that the world had seen more than one crucified savior. Who were they, and where did you get your information?

ANSWER: Read the first article in this magazine. In case I did not give you enough instances of "miraculous births" let me give you some more here. Hercules, Bacchus, Amphiion, Mercury, Aeolus, Apollo, Aethlius, Arcas, Aroclus, and I can give you many more, but I think by this time you will see that Jesus Christ was but one more in the chain of "crucified god-men" which chain has been stretched around religious history from time immemorial. If Christ were the only one about whom that story was told, I might believe it. But how can I accept it as original when I know that thousands of years before Christ was ever heard of, the story was known to millions of people?

It might be also quite interesting here to note also the number of "crucified saviors" that descended into hell. That's interesting literature, because, as you know, Christ was, as far as you think, the only "god" to go into hell. But you are wrong, so I will give you a list to prove that you are wrong. All the following "world-saviors" descended into hell.

Chrisna, Zoroaster, Osiris, Horus, Adonis, Bacchus, Hercules, Mercury, who was called the Word and Messenger of God, *Baldur, and Quexacote, the Mexican "Savior."* So you see there have been quite a few "gods" who went into hell before Christ did. It's quite unnecessary for so many of these "gods" to do that if they were all "gods," but so history reads, and so I give it to you.

QUESTION: In your book you class Confucius as another "man'god" and thereby create the impression that he was supposed to have had a miraculous birth. Having the same degree of Doctor of Divinity that you have, and having studied quite extensively along the lines of your own research, may I point out to you your error in stating that Confucius had a "supernatural" birth?

ANSWER: You are perfectly welcome to attempt to point out to me my error, but you are making a vain attempt, my friend. I don't know where your researches have been carried on, but I do know that a high school student knows that Confucius was presumed to have had a "supernatural" birth. However—I quote you from Davis' *History of China*, Vol. 2, page 48, and you may also look up Thornton: *Hist. China*, 1.152. Here is what Davis says, and certainly this should suffice to convince you that I am not in error at all: "*Various prodigies, as in other instances, were the forerunners of the birth of this extraordinary person. On the eve of his appearance upon earth, celestial music sounded in the ears of his mother, and when he was born, this inscription appeared on his breast: 'The maker of a rule for setting the world free.'*" Confucius was always looked upon in his own country as a god, and he was always supposed to have a supernatural birth, as evidenced by the above quotations. There are many more, however, but I haven't the time to look them up now. I know where they are though, and if this doesn't convince you, then write me again and we will try and find time to straighten you out.

* * *

QUESTION: You say your father was a Baptist minister, and that you were raised a Baptist. Were you ever baptised for the remission of your sins?

ANSWER: Yes—five times. The first one didn't take, so I tried it again. And after having taken five "remission-baths" I decided that I was barking up the wrong tree. I began to look for the truths of God elsewhere. And as you know, I found them too. All these things you mention are but relics of a pagan system of religion, and there is no merit in any of them. Find God, and you won't want to take any public religious "remission-baths." The only thing to do if you are sorry for your "sins" is to cut them out. Don't do them any more. But don't judge everything the church tells you is wrong to be a sin. They are only interested in their own game.

It might interest you to know that, like the miraculous conception, the resurrection, the crucifixion, baptism is *not* original with Christianity. It is but one more pagan rite. This is evidenced by the fact that in Mongolia and Thibet, thousands of years before Christ was ever heard of, children were baptised for the remission of sins. Brahmanism baptises them for the same thing, and certainly this system of religion antedates Christianity. Zoroastrianism also does the same thing, and this system of religion also antedates Christianity. The ancient Egyptians, long before Christ's time, baptised for the same old "sins," and the old Etruscans also went through the same holy performance. As a matter of fact baptism,

like most of the rest of the Christian principles, is of *Buddhist origin*. The Greeks and the Romans did it too. In fact, all *pagan* religions baptised for the remission of sins. So don't ever think again that this rite is original with Christianity, because it is not.

* * *

QUESTION: When Jesus appeared after his resurrection, was his body physical or spiritual?

ANSWER: I don't believe he ever appeared to anyone after his death. There is no proof that he did. I will give you some bible facts, however, concerning this subject and you can use your own head about believing them. It is very strange that there is not more authentic information on a subject of such vital importance to the Christian religion as this "reappearance" story is.

Neither Matthew nor Mark tell us in what way Jesus made his appearance. They do not say whether in the body or not. If it should have been in the *spirit*, then I am afraid that story would be fatal to the whole resurrection story as Christianity teaches a *physical* resurrection, and as a *spirit*—well—that could not fill the bill. Mark says that Jesus appeared three times—first to Mary Magdalene, but although you will remember that Jesus *promised* that he would rise again, they all doubted that it was he. Others did not know him after having lived all their life with him. Luke says they were all afraid. That's funny—I would think they would be marvelously happy—I should have been had I been there. "But they were terrified and affrighted, and *supposed* that they had seen a *spirit*." But Jesus, to show that he was *not* a spirit, showed his hands and feet, etc. Then he ate fish and honeycomb. And I'm just wondering here why Matthew and Mark do not mention this.

In one story Jesus took the fish and gave it to his disciples. In the other story he himself ate it. As a matter of fact if you will carefully read these four gospels on this subject, like myself, you will be utterly unable to make head or tail out of this part of the story. One is left in doubt as to just how he appeared.

* * *

QUESTION: Is the Roman Catholic church growing or is it failing?

ANSWER: All forms of "supernaturally-revealed" religion are failing. We are living in a transitional period of our history. Men and women are thinking for themselves. They are *not* interested in "supernaturally-revealed" religion, so "*supernaturally-revealed religion*" is *dying*. This is as it should be. If you knew the time the churches are having to make enough money to pay their honest debts, you wouldn't ask the question you did ask. But religion is not dying. Men and women are finding God. But they are finding Him entirely outside of the church, and by entirely different means than those the church gives. Religion will never die. What has been called religion will die. And in its place will rise, and is rising, a grander and nobler structure, in which men and women in everyday walks of life will know the Spirit of God as this great Life Spirit exists. May God hasten the day when there isn't a "supernaturally-revealed" system of religion in existence.

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